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VOL. 43—No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

Price 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—

(Opera Company Limited.)

The Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, Shareholders, and the Public, are respectfully informed that the SECOND SEASON, under the management of this Company, will commence on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, with (for the first time in English) Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, *L'AFRICAINNE*. Full particulars will be shortly announced.

EDWARD MURRAY, Acting-Manager.

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W. WEST, Stage-Manager.

## MADAME BERGER LASCELLES.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES begs to announce her return to town, and requests all letters, respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts and Lessons, in town or country, to be addressed to her residence, 3, York Street, Portman Square, W.

## MR. HANDEL GEAR.

MR. HANDEL GEAR, Professor and Teacher of Singing, begs to announce to his friends and pupils that he has arrived in London or the season.

32, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square.

## MISS LAURA HARRIS.

MISS LAURA HARRIS requests that all communications be addressed to Mr. A. BERRARD, 17, Hyde Park Gate, Kensington, W.

## MISS BERRY.

MISS BERRY requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

## HERR REICHARDT.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce that he will visit SCOTLAND in the early part of November. All communications, for engagements, for concerts, oratorios, &c., on his way there or back, to be addressed to him, at Chateau de Conteville, Boulogne Sur Mer.

## M. OBERTHUR.

M. OBERTHUR begs to inform his Friends and Pupils, that he has returned to London. 7, Talbot Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

## MME. PAREPA.

MME. PAREPA will return to London from her American Tour in December next. Letters and communications to be addressed to 10, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill.

## MR. ASCHER.

MR. ASCHER, Pianist to the Empress of the French, begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season.

## MR. EMILE BERGER.

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MME. HARRIETTE LEE will sing "Rock me to sleep," composed by BENEDICT, at Ipswich, Oct. 13, and Manningtree, Oct. 14.

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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.  
(RETROSPECT.)

(Times, September 9.)

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 8.

*Elijah*, Mendelssohn's masterpiece and the sacred masterpiece of modern music, was heard with the same rapt attention and unqualified delight as on the occasion of its first performance at Gloucester—in 1847, a year after its production at Birmingham, and scarcely two months before the death of its composer. It was perhaps, indeed, even more keenly enjoyed than then, if only because its manifold beauties, become familiarized by time, are now immediately recognized and heartily welcomed, as they crowd upon each other in close succession and never-fading freshness. The music of the Prophet *Elijah*, was exclusively assigned to Mr. Santley, who sang it superbly from end to end. The chief soprano music was divided between Madame Rudersdorff and Mdlle. Titiens, the tenor between Mr. Cummings and Dr. Gunz, the contralto between Misses E. Wilkinsop and J. Elton. In "Hear ye Israel" and "Holy! holy!" Mdlle. Titiens was grander than on any former occasion. Never did her splendid voice sound forth in greater majesty of tone. But the soprano of the Teutonic songstress would penetrate through any combination whatever of choral and instrumental harmony. Let the volume of sound be doubled—

"Si geminant Corythantes aera"—

it would be all the same. Singular to relate, the vast assembly, which had risen spontaneously the day previous to the first strain of the Catholic "Sanctus," in Mozart's *Requiem*, remained seated at the commencement of the Protestant "Holy! holy!"—until, the attention of one or two of the stewards being called to the anomaly, they set an example which was immediately followed, and due respect was thus paid to the most magnificent musical setting of the "Sanctus" of our time. At the commencement of "Thanks be to God"—the great chorus at the termination of Part I—the assembly began (as while the last movement of Dr. Wesley's Anthem was proceeding on Wednesday) to disperse in eager groups. This, in more than one sense, was an exemplification of very questionable taste. No doubt the afternoon hospitalities, which have been most liberally practised this week, are powerful attractions; but as, for the most part, they are administered close at hand, it would certainly be more decorous to wait till the end of the chorus—such a chorus, too, as "Thanks be to God!", a glorious hymn of thanksgiving wedded to immortal harmony. For reasons of policy, moreover, whatever is calculated to strengthen the arguments of those who hold forth against the sacred music being performed in cathedrals, as against a heathenish desecration, should be studiously avoided.

The "bumper" anticipated for the third and last miscellaneous concert was more than realized, Shire-hall being again densely thronged in every part. The concert was of the longest. Indeed, after the music that had already been listened to, it appeared almost endless. Nor were the performances, generally speaking, all that could have been wished. Every artist, singer or player, seemed more or less exhausted. The indomitable members of the orchestra formed no exception; and, though their execution of the incomparable overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, at the commencement of the first part, was good, their playing of Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), at the beginning of the second, was just the contrary. The overture of Mozart was followed by a selection from the opera, including "O cara immagine" (Dr. Gunz); "Possente nume"—the first air of Sarastro (Mr. Lewis Thomas, with chorus); and the quaintly humorous quintet, "Hm, hm hm," where Papageno (Mr. Santley) has to sing, or try to sing, with the padlock on his lips. Dr. Gunz then gave "Adelaide," accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Done, of Worcester, and Madame Rudersdorff "Robert, toi que j'aime"—neither of which can be cited as absolute novelties, though both are sure to charm if adequately sung. The *Scena Cantante*—or "Dramatic Concerto," as it is called in England—of Spohr, for violin, with orchestral accompaniment, was played with admirable executive skill and the utmost purity of tone and style by Mr. Henry Blagrove, a violinist whose talent was first warmly recognized by Spohr himself, and who always delights in doing honor to his distinguished master. This concerto was, perhaps, the feature of most genuine musical interest in the entire concert. The "Shadow-song" of Meyerbeer, charmingly warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne; the quaint couplets of Ourrias, the "Bull-toucher," from Gounod's *Mireille*—sung by Mr. Santley as he has sung everything assigned to him at this Festival; with the gorgeous and superbly dramatic *finale* to Mendelssohn's unfinished *Lorelei*—Mdlle. Titiens as Leonora (a Leonora that threatened to rival the Leonora of Beethoven himself)—brought the first part of the concert to an end. After the symphony (in the second part) Miss Louisa Pyne introduced the *scena*, "Sad as my soul," from Mr. Wallace's *Lurline*, which enchanted the audience. Admiration was divided between the tuneful beauty of the music and the expressive

delivery of our accomplished English soprano, whose share in the programmes of the week, morning and evening, has been anything but varied and important enough to satisfy the many amateurs of her pure and refined singing. "Lurline," however, afforded a chance of which Miss Pyne availed herself; and in obedience to an unanimous "encore," she repeated the most impressive movement of the *scena*. To this succeeded a selection from Spohr's *Zemire und Azor*, an opera composed for Frankfort in 1819, and played in London, at Covent-garden Theatre, some 30 years ago, with Miss Inverarity and the Misses Cawse in the chief characters. The selection included the fine trio, "Night's lingering shades" (Miss L. Pyne, Mrs. J. K. Pyne, and Miss J. Elton); the graceful romance "Rose softly blooming" (Miss Elton), which is closely modelled on Mozart's "Voi che sapete;" the melodic chorus, "Welcome, fairest;" and the grand *scena* for soprano (Madame Rudersdorff). The two pieces that followed were both asked for again. These were the trio for Falstaff and the "Merry Wives," from Otto Nicolai's well-known opera (Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Rudersdorff, and Signor Bossi), and the "Last Rose of Summer," for which, on returning to the orchestra, Mdlle. Titiens substituted Arditi's popular "Il Bacio." A pleasing ballad called "Paquita," by Mr. Henry Smart (Mr. Cummings), Bishop's glee and chorus, "The winds whistle cold" (extremely ill sung), and the National Anthem at length terminated this seemingly interminable concert.

More sunshine to-day; and good results in proportion. There were, including the stewards, upwards of 3,000 persons in the Cathedral listening devoutly to Handel's sublime *Messiah*, and after the performance no less a sum than £362 5s. 9d. found its way into the plates of those assiduous ladies who have been gracefully begging for the widows and orphans all the week. Yesterday, after *Elijah*, the collection amounted to £124—rather shabby in comparison. Up to this moment the contributions to the charity exceed £1,000, and more is expected.

A very good dress ball is looked forward to this evening at the Shire Hall.

(Times, September 11.)

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 9.

About the performance of the *Messiah* in the Cathedral little need be said. To the credit of Dr. Wesley, however, it may be stated that all the choruses were retained, as well as the soprano air, "If God be for us," frequently omitted, though not, if we remember rightly, at the meetings of the Three Choirs. The solo recitations and airs were so distributed that every one of the principal singers had something of more or less consequence to do. On what was wanting in the execution of these portions of the music, amid so much that was irreproachable, it would be hypercritical to dwell. Some of the choruses were taken at a quicker pace than we have hitherto been accustomed to; and though consenting that the colossal "Hallelujah" gains in jubilant brilliancy through increased animation in the time, we are unable to allow as much for "Behold the Lamb of God," which, in a proportionate degree, loses grandeur and solemnity. In defence of his reading of "For unto us a child is born," Dr. Wesley may appeal to the example of Greatorex and the elder conductors of Handel. Still, we cannot but think that the stately character of both the leading themes in this very characteristic chorus tells rather against than for him, notwithstanding the good news conveyed by the words. Surely people may rejoice and exult without getting out of breath.

The full-dress ball in the Shire-hall was a great success. The chairman of the ball committee was Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., Chancellor of the Diocese, who, with the aid of Mr. Medland, architect, contrived to decorate the room in an unusually attractive style. The decorations could hardly be better described than in the words of the *Gloucester Chronicle* :—

"The great hall and the staircase were carpeted, and the chandeliers were adorned with evergreen. Wreaths of laurel spangled with artificial roses drooped low from the three chandeliers which held up also imitation baskets of flowers adorned with pink and white ribands. These mirrors were fixed against the front of the orchestra, and were connected with each other by wreaths of laurel entwined with roses. Along the foot of the orchestra were placed statuettes and busts borrowed from the School of Art. The walls and the front of the great organ were draped with military flags, and the banner bearing the city arms hung against the centre of the wall at the lower end of the room. The walls were also bespangled with stars of bayonets, which nestled with military effect among the flags and sparkled in the gaslight."

Nothing was wanting to make the *coup d'œil* perfect but the removal of a cloth of questionable propriety which had hung over the front of the organ during the week, and with which Mr. Monk could not get permission to dispense. As well as we could guess there were about 300 persons at the ball, and dancing was kept up till after 4 a.m. to the music of an excellent orchestra, conducted by Mr. Stanton Jones (violinist). It was altogether a brilliant affair.

An authentic return of the week's proceedings, according to the

*Gloucester Journal*, gives the various attendances, morning and evening, as below:—

Morning.—Tuesday, 1,000; Wednesday, 1,700; Thursday, 2,060; Friday, 2,960. Evening.—Tuesday, 480; Wednesday, 630; Thursday, 600.

Thus, as usual, the *Elijah* and the *Messiah* were the greatest attractions, while, contrary to all precedent, the second evening concert appears to have been even better attended than the third and last. Subjoined is a summary of the collections for the charity:—

COLLECTIONS.		£ s. d.
Tuesday morning, after sermon.....	112	8 3½
Tuesday afternoon, after oratorio.....	86	11 3
Wednesday, after morning prayer.....	3	16 1
Wednesday, after oratorio.....	125	0 8
Thursday, after morning prayer.....	3	5 7
Thursday, after oratorio.....	144	12 5
Friday, after morning prayer.....	3	5 7
Friday, after oratorio.....	377	5 9
 Total.....	856	5 7½
By 34 absent stewards.....	170	0 0
By dividends from Gloucester Funded Surplus.....	22	17 4
By dividends from Worcester Funded Surplus.....	61	10 0
 Total.....	£1,110	12 11½

That the stewards furnish considerably the largest share of the above may be understood when it is stated that their donation of 5*l.* each at the outset makes no less than 46*£*. But in addition to this we find that many of them have given much more than the stipulated sum. For example, Lord Ellenborough, 20*£*; Lord Bathurst and Sir W. Lionel Darrell, 15*£* each; Mr. J. Couche Dent, of Sudeley Castle, 50*£*; the Mayor of Gloucester, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P., the Rev. Canon Seymour, Mr. R. S. Holford, M.P., Mr. W. P. Price, M.P., Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., Mr. T. F. Onslow, and Mr. J. Ackers, 10*£* each. Such instances of liberality deserve to be made known, bearing in mind the goodness of the cause which they are intended to promote. The Bishop of Gloucester, too, although absent, and therefore unable to preach for the Charity, contributed 10*£* to the fund; and it is hoped that further contributions may swell the amount to 1,200*£*. This will provide 100*£*. a month for the widows and orphans until Worcester Festival next year, which there is reason to believe will again be warmly supported by the Bishop, the Dean, and other influential personages, including Sir J. Pakington.

We understand that there is likely to be, if not a surplus, at least a deficit so insignificant as not to be worth naming. This adds another bright feature to one of the most brilliant Festivals ever held in Gloucester, Worcester, or Hereford. Whatever ill influence the absence of the Bishop and the Dean was expected to exercise on the prospects of the meeting has been averted by the spirit of its conductors. With regard to the Dean it is only fair to state what we have heard from undoubted authority. That he has full power to withhold the cathedral if he chooses is incontestable. But he has done nothing of the kind, and, what is more, never entertained any thought of the kind. His own convictions, added to an indifference to music, which he lays no claim to understand, have *solely* conduced to his absenting himself during the week. Not only did he give the cathedral on the present occasion, but his deanery in the bargain, where his relative, Lord Ellenborough, exercised the accustomed hospitalities with liberal munificence. Among others who emulated this good example may be mentioned the Rev. Mr. C. Musgrave Harvey (Canon of Gloucester), one of the stanchest supporters of the Festival, and Mr. James Henry Brown, hon. secretary, whose indefatigable zeal on behalf of the interests of the meeting is only equalled by his politeness and courtesy to those who have to record its proceedings. Dr. Wesley, the new conductor, has passed with credit through this first ordeal. As a musician he had, of course, no name to make, but as a conductor he will have earned experience; and if objection be offered to any of his programmes or general arrangements, he may fairly point to the result. There is no more convincing argument than success; and the success of this meeting has been such that the Gloucester Festival of 1868 may be looked forward to with confidence.

Crowded with visitors from all parts as the city had been during the week, the utmost order has prevailed, thanks to the excellence of the official arrangements,—not the least important among which were those of the police, under Superintendent Griffin, of Gloucester, who was deservedly complimented by the stewards.

(From "The Queen.")

"*Audi alteram partem.*" The charity will benefit greatly by the collections, which, if not reaching the amount contributed in 1860, or the £1814 raised at Worcester, will not be far below it, for about £1200

is the sum already obtained. With respect to the receipts, it is expected that the stewards will be relieved from any liability, although the "penny wise and pound foolish" system of making the engagements will tell more heavily than was anticipated, by the getting rid of Sims Reeves, M. Sainton, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The financial success is cited by the superficial and interested as an approval on the part of the public of the musical arrangements. A greater fallacy cannot exist. If the argument of receipts be worth anything, it would be to assert that let the engagements be ever so bad, the execution ever so indifferent, success must attend these meetings from extraneous causes, such as the splendid sermon preached by the Rev. Canon Kennaway, the glorious weather of the week, and the determination of the county not to submit to the clerical intolerance. As regards public opinion of the week's musical doings, how is it to be gathered? If you read the local organs here, there never was such a conductor as Dr. Wesley, nor such perfect performances. If you look at the reports supplied by "manifold" copy by one single reporter to the *Morning Post*, *Daily News*, *Advertiser*, and *Star*, although not quite up to the provincial piffery, success sanctifies the musical mistake. Indeed, the *Times*, cautious as it is with respect to Dr. Wesley's conducting and his programmes, thinks it may fairly point to the result to whitewash him. The *Morning Herald* and *Morning Advertiser*, and some of our weekly contemporaries, are more outspoken; they state, without equivocation or qualification, that the programmes, the performances, and the conductor, were altogether a complete mistake; in other words, that the festival was artistically a failure. Now, any impartial person, whose opinion is entitled to the smallest consideration as a critic, whether professor or amateur, will endorse the statement as perfectly accurate, that the selections were never worse conducted, that the order of their execution displayed a total want of judgment as to light and shade, and that the engagements of the chief artists were not judicious or up to the mark.

It would be an insult to common sense to dwell on the irreparable loss which the oratorios sustained by the absence of Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves. Despite Madame Jenny Lind's special recommendation of Herr Gunz, he proved totally inadequate for the position of leading tenor; and the introduction, owing to local influence, of a *ci-devant* second soprano to sing as chief contralto, with an adjunct in a weak mezzo-soprano, was as disastrous in both instances as the failure of the German tenor. But as the festival has been a success, will it be affirmed that the principle of giving it without a first-class tenor and a first-class contralto is to be a precedent? If so, why not extend the cheese-paring theory to the leading soprani? Why engage Tietjens on enormous terms? Why not dispense with one of the best of English sacred singers—Miss Louisa Pyne? Why not scout Santley and secure Bossi? The future stewards will make short work of this supreme nonsense of success to cover the shortcomings and blunders of the meeting. What a festival requires is, two first-rate sopranos, two first-rate contraltos, two first-rate tenors, and two first-rate basses; but, above all, a first-rate conductor. A narrow-minded local organist without experience—a mere dreaming theorist, full of prejudice and bigotry, is not the artist to be trusted with the engagements of the execution, nor with the making up of the programmes. What musician, in his senses, would place Spohr's *Last Judgment* after Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and the *Requiem* and the *Mount of Olives* after the *Lobgesang* and the *Stabat Mater*? The *William Tell* music was divided in this way—the overture one night, and the introduction in the succeeding scheme. The *Seasons* to begin a concert, with the *Walpurgis Night* to finish, were deadly lively in the effect. Then the allotment of the music to the principals was anything but satisfactory. With such a singer of sacred music as Miss Louisa Pyne, too much was confided to Madame Rudersdorff, who was much too demonstrative during the week, as shown in Mozart's "Parto." Meyerbeer's death scene of "Selika" and Rossini's "Infamatus," in which the *fortiter in re* was in the ascendant. The casts in *Elijah* and the *Messiah* were not a little curious. In Mendelssohn's work, the secondary artists, save Mr. Brandon, a *basso* of promise, were utter nonentities. "Lift thine eyes" and "Holy, Holy," turned into two *sols* by Tietjens, was a novelty in Gloucester annals. Indeed, of the morning performances there is not much to dwell on the memory except the fine singing of Santley in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, of Tietjens in the same works, and of Louisa Pyne in the *Last Judgment* and the *Messiah*. Mr. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas were painstaking, and steady, and were valuable as auxiliaries.

The evening concerts did not redeem the mishaps and contrarieties of the sacred selection. The band got careless in the overtures of *Faust*, the *Walpurgis Night*, and the *Magic Flute*, but were up to the mark in *William Tell* (especially when they ran away from the conductor), and in the *Seasons*. The eighth Beethoven Symphony was very slovenly; the *Choral Fantasy* was unsteady; *en revanche* the G minor piano-forte concerto of Mendelssohn so marvellously executed by Madame Arabella Goddard under the conducting and the

bow of Blagrove, went admirably. Our great English pianist at this meeting surpassed all previous exhibitions of her wondrous playing, and the Gloucester amateurs were roused to such an Italian *furore*, that they actually encored the concerto; the *artiste*, substituting Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home." At the concluding concert, an extract from Wallace's opera, *Lurline*, evidenced what a sad loss the long protracted illness in Paris of this gifted musician has been to the lyric drama. Miss Louisa Pyne sang the air, "Sad is my Soul," with such profound pathos as to be enthusiastically encored. Singularly enough, this gem was preceded by Mendelssohn's *Loreley* finale, grandly given by Tietjens, who, by the way, in the "Last Rose of Summer," which was re-demanded, proved that she can appreciate a simple melody. Santley's delivery of Benito's touching air from Verdi's *Un Ballo*, caused its repetition. A duet from David's *Lalla Rookh* (which is to be mounted at the next English opera season) was a novelty in the programme, but, however, caused no sensation. Ballads and simple airs were rare in the scheme, the general drawing up of which was too heavy and pretentious to suit the taste of an auditory which had had a morning of sacred music. Burgundy is not a relief to old port; but champagne is a delicious alterative.

Taxing the memory, how difficult it is to report that this meeting was up to the artistic mark of former festivals. It is to be sincerely hoped that the financial result will not lead to a repetition of the week's blunders; and if rumour speaks true, the future conduct of the performances—assuming that the deans be conciliated—is likely to go out of the hands of the local organists of the three choirs; a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interest of art advancement. Worcester is the town in which the 143rd meeting will be held, if Lord Dudley's opposition fails, which it assuredly will, for he has the bishop, the dean, and Sir John Pakington arrayed against him, besides a new secretary in Mr. Cattley, who it is expected will prove a worthy successor to the late respected Rev. A. Sergeant, and a rival to the polite, active, and indefatigable Mr. J. H. Brown of this town. Mr. Townsend Smith, at Hereford, has proved an able administrator and secretary.

#### JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.\*

Rousseau, an illustrious author, was born at Geneva, on the 28th June, 1712, and died on the 3rd July, 1778, at Ermenonville, near Paris, in a small house belonging to the chateau of the Marquis de Girardin. The life of this celebrated man has been too frequently written and has too often found a place in biographical collections to render its insertion necessary here. I think also that I am bound to refrain from speaking of those of his writings which have no connection with the object of this dictionary. In the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, Rousseau must be considered only as a composer and a writer upon music. Never having even learnt music regularly, he was always a bad reader, and a mediocre harmonist, though he possessed in an eminent degree an instinctive love of the art. What he himself says in his *Confessions* concerning his first attempt at composition, in Lausanne, when he was nineteen years old, proves that at that age he was completely ignorant not only of the art of writing music, but even of the principles of the solfeggio. He subsequently learned these principles by teaching them, or in studies a hundred times renewed and a hundred times abandoned, but all musicians know that when such studies are not pursued in childhood, and when long practice has not rendered the difficulties in them familiar to us, we never succeed, when we have attained a ripe age, in overcoming those difficulties.

It was, however, to music that Jean-Jacques Rousseau first looked for a means of livelihood, when, at the age of twenty-nine, he went to Paris with fifteen louis and the manuscript of a new system of musical notation in his pocket. The Académie des Sciences was called upon to give an opinion regarding the merit of the system. The manuscript which Rousseau read before it, on the 22nd August, 1742, was entitled: *Projet concernant de nouveaux Signes pour la Musique*. It has been printed in the various editions of his complete works, but the author did not think fit to publish it in its primitive form. He revised his production, extended it, developed its principles, and then gave his new system to the world in a pamphlet bearing the title of *A Dissertation on Modern Music*; *Paris*, G. F. Quillan, 1743, octavo. This also has been inserted in the complete edition of his works. Like all those persons who have a difficulty in learning music and who

are ill-acquainted with it, Rousseau had persuaded himself that, in the signs employed to write it, there was a misconception as regards their elements, and useless complications in their combinations. He protests forcibly, in the work already mentioned, against: "the number of signs, of clefs, of transpositions, of sharps, of flats, of naturals, of simple and compound measures, of semibreves, of minims, of crotchets, of quavers, of semi-quavers, of demisemi-quavers, of semibreve-rests, of minim-rests, of crotchet-rests, of quaver-rests, of semiquaver rests, etc., of which the notation consists," proposing to substitute signs which at first sight appear much more simple, since they are merely the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, to designate the seven degrees of the scale; but which, in consequence of the necessity of modifying them, in order to distinguish the octaves, the tonics, the accidental sharps and flats, the length or duration of the various notes, etc., and of changing their signification with every modulation, are really so multiplied that they mount up to a greater number of signs than the ordinary notation.

The reader will find in Raymond's book entitled *Des principaux Systèmes de Notation musicale*, etc., a very good analysis of J. J. Rousseau's system (pp. 94 to 118) and of its radical defects. Raymond does not, however, lay sufficient stress upon an objection which may be raised against all criticisms on modern notation, and against all systems of simplification invented or to be invented, namely: that such simplifications, were they really what they profess to be, will, from their very simplicity and uniformity (supposing the systems complete and sufficient), always be liable to the drawback of not immediately portraying to the eyes the musical forms, at the same time that they impress them upon the intellect, an advantage possessed by the ordinary notation precisely on account of that very striking variety in its elements for which its detractors find fault with it. Music, when executed, is not an art of slow analysis, in which the signs are presented one by one to the eye and to the mind, as is supposed by the mediocre musicians who are the authors of these systems, but a simultaneous perception of complete phrases with all the combinations of signs expressing them; now the greater the diversity in the character of these signs, the less danger is there of our confounding them and missing their meaning. Natorp, who subsequently revived the system of notation by figures, which he modified very happily, never pretended to do more than apply it to the simple melodies of canticles intended for children at the "Ecole Primaires"; he never endeavored to form it into a general system, for which the signs would not do. With regard to the accusation brought against J. J. Rousseau by Laborde, by the compilers of the *Encyclopédie méthodique*, and by Roquefort, under the head of "Demotz" in the *Biographie Universelle* of the Brothers Michaud, of having borrowed his system from Father Souhaity, an accusation denied by the authors of the *Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*, Raymond has proved very clearly that the two systems are identical, with regard to the designation of the notes, but that Rousseau's is uncontestedly superior in representing their duration.

Like all other plans of new systems for writing music, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's met with no success, and did not rescue its author from obscurity. He determined to see if he could not be more fortunate in composing an opera entitled: *Les Muses galantes*. There was rehearsal of it in the house of the farmer-general, La Popolinière. Rameau, who was present, said that one part of the work must be by a skilful artist, but that the remainder belonged to some ignorant person who understood nothing of music. It needed no more to raise a fresh charge, which was not the last, of plagiarism against Rousseau. The Duke of Richelieu, however, who was his patron, did not withdraw his favor; he commissioned him to touch up the words and music of *La Reine de Navarre*, an interlude by Voltaire and Rameau, composed for the arrival of the Dauphiness in 1745, and not played anywhere but at Court. This new attempt was not successful; *La Reine de Navarre* proved a failure at Paris, in the month of December, the same year. Disheartened and disgusted with music and the stage, it appeared for some time that Rousseau had resolved to devote himself to other pursuits, but, having been selected, through his intimacy with Diderot and D'Alembert, to write the musical articles in the *Encyclopédie*, he commenced, in order to fit himself for the task, a serious course of reading which increased his knowledge of the art; but the time assigned him was too short,

\* By M. Fétis, senior, in the second edition of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*.

and, as he himself says in the preface to his *Dictionnaire de Musique*, he did his work quickly and badly. Hereupon Rameau, whose system he had criticised in some of his articles, published his pamphlet entitled: *Erreurs sur la Musique dans l'Encyclopédie*. Rousseau threw off in 1755 a reply under the title: *Examen de deux Principes avancés par M. Rameau, dans sa Brochure intitulée: Erreurs sur la Musique dans l'Encyclopédie*, but he did not publish it; it did not appear till after his death and in the complete edition of his works.

After the perturbations caused by the publication of his *Emile*, Rousseau retired to Motiers-Travers in Switzerland. It was there that he looked through his articles in the *Encyclopédie*, and, hurt at their imperfections, conceived the notion of retouching them, of augmenting their nomenclature, and of making of them a dictionary of art and science. This work was finished in 1764 but did not appear till some few years afterwards, under the simple title of *Dictionnaire de Musique*, Geneva, 1767, one volume quarto, on which were founded the following editions of Paris: V. Duchesne, 1768, quarto; Amsterdam, 1768, 2 vols., duodecimo; Paris, V. Duchesne, 1774, one volume, large octavo; Geneva, 1781, 2 vols., octavo; Zweibrücken, 1783, octavo; Paris, Lequin, 1821-1822, 2 vols., octavo. We find it, also, in all the editions of Rousseau's complete works. A Dutch translation by E. van Heyligert was published in an octavo form, at Amsterdam, in 1769, and an English translation, in octavo, was published at London, in 1771, without any author's name, but it is known to have been written by W. Waring; it is not finished. Turbri wrote an *Abrége du Dictionnaire de Musique de J.-J. Rousseau*, for Bellegarrigue, Toulouse, 1821, 140 pages octavo. The original work achieved, at the period of its publication, the success which attended all the productions of its celebrated author; subsequently, it was the object of severe and even unjust criticisms. The least reasonable of these criticisms were decidedly those of Ginguené, Framery, the Abbé Feytou, and the other editors of the *Dictionnaire de Musique de l'Encyclopédie méthodique* (Paris, 1791-1818, 2 vols., quarto), who, taking as their basis Rousseau's articles in his *Dictionnaire*, employ all their logic in the supplements to prove the falseness or insufficiency of those same articles. After these gentlemen comes Castil-Blaze, who, in the preface to his *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Musique moderne*, expresses himself in these terms: "If Rousseau's *Dictionnaire* has come down to us, the fact must be attributed solely to the eloquent declamation it contains. The didactic portion is vicious on nearly every point, and the developments in it obscure and slurred. At each step, the author proves that he was himself ignorant of what he pretends to explain to us. Finally, his work is incomplete, from the fact of its not containing half the words of the musical vocabulary." Despite this criticism, in some respects justifiable, Castil-Blaze has borrowed several articles from the work which is the object of it; D'Outrepont calculates that they amount to three hundred and forty-two. Notwithstanding the real imperfections in Rousseau's work, however, we must not forget that, at the period it was written, the scarcity of special books, and other materials in France, rendered the author's task a very difficult one; that it was completed in a solitude, where the author was deprived of all help, and, lastly, that a portion of his errors are the errors of his time. In all the aesthetical portion he displays, at any rate, a rare instinct for art, and very elevated views.

(To be continued.)

HAMBURG.—Herr Theodor Formes has sailed from this port for America, where he proposes giving a series of concerts.

GHENT.—A new organ has recently been erected in St. Martin's Church by the well-known firm of Ibach Brothers of Barmen, in Germany. Herr Breuning, *Capellmeister*, from Aix-la-Chapelle, was invited to inaugurate the instrument by a performance before a select number of persons who received special invitations for the occasion. Herr Breuning performed works by Bach, Mendelssohn and Mozart, in a most masterly manner, but the piece which produced the most profound impression was a fugue by the grand old master Bach. This is the first instrument the Messrs. Ibach ever sent to Belgium, but it will probably not be the last.

AMSTERDAM.—The local branch of the Society for the Advancement of Music will give a performance of Handel's *Messiah* this winter.—Herr Joachim will shortly commence a long professional tour through Holland.

#### OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Mr. Simcock House, having returned from abroad and elsewhere, has much pleasure in emptying his basket of gatherings at the revered feet of Mr. D. Peters. The other day, in Paris, Mr. House called at the Hotel des Pieds Humides, for letters. There was only one letter to his name, but this was sufficiently startling:—

DEAR HOUSE.—By many degrees the most inconvenient building to be found in this good city of Paris, both morally and physically considered, was the Debtor's Prison in the Rue de Clichy. Its kindred gaol, the Pelagie, has long been disused as a place of incarceration for debtors; but Clichy has not ceased for many years to make a conspicuous figure in every novel, and almost every vaudeville that exists in Parisian life. Its place in the great, actual, everyday drama has been far more dismal. Clichy was the bourse of the ruined prodigal, the reckless student of the Quartier Latin, the exhausted *vieux*, the gamester out of luck. The embarrassed journalist and the struggling artist were periodical inmates of this sad abode. Then the portrait of the ruthless creditor was scrawled in charcoal on the whitewashed wall; then Briseis from the Rue de Bréda came, with a cold pie and a box of cigars, to visit her imprisoned Achilles. The place was not such a very uncomfortable one. It had not the squalor of the Fleet, the riot of the Bench, the gloom of Whitecross-street—it had a garden with shady trees, a café, and a billiard-room; but it was still a prison, and, as a prison for debt, a stupid, cruel, and useless institution. Indeed, the French—who as mathematical logicians very often surpass us—seem to have been for a long time tacitly convinced of the inherent absurdity of locking a man up between four walls because he could not pay a certain sum of money.—Yours always, dear House,

CAFER O'CORBY.

P.S.—Am off to Dunkirk, and sorry to have missed you. Could not wait longer.

Mr. House did not remain very long in Paris, but the heat having somewhat diminished, and theatre-going become a possible relaxation, although still rather a sultry one, he ventured to the Vaudeville (excuse the two 'v's) to witness the triumphant success, on the French stage, of an old English favorite. After the *Deux Sœurs* of M. de Girardin, bad enough at a first hearing, but sadly wearisome upon a second, the curtain rose on *L'Homme Blasé*, with Charles Mathews as Sir Cold Cream, the French original of the English Sir Charles Coldstream in *Used up*. The exertions of a score of hardhanded individuals, with physiognomies strongly suggestive of an assize court, who had supplied popular enthusiasm during M. de Girardin's drama, became unnecessary during the lively and wittily written *Vaudeville*, in which Mr. Mathews, ably supported by his French comrades, kept a full house amused from the first scene to the last. Lest Mr. House should be accused of partiality to a countryman, he will substitute, for any opinion of his own, that of Jules Janin, recorded in the weekly theatrical *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*. "L'Homme blasé, acted by Mr. Mathews," says the veteran French critic—who in his day, now growing long, has made and unmade so many reputations,—

"Has become quite a new work. Nothing can be more pleasing and intelligent than the acting of this good comedian. All is true, simple, and natural to such a degree that it requires a connoisseur to render full justice to so much grace and wit. This man is evidently a great artist; he has all the resources and all the instincts of one."

Returning to his hotel—hôtel des Quatre Mendians—Mr. House was glad to read, in Galigiani, that his little friend, Pittman—

"Principal accompanist at the Royal English Opera, has just returned from Paris, which he visited to study the execution of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, preparatory to his training of the Covent-garden cast"—and just as sorry to have missed Pittman as Sir Caper O'Corby can possibly have been to have missed Mr. House. But Mr. House's astonishment may be readily imagined when his eye, further down the column, read the ensuing:—

"We (*Iow*) are authorized to state that a marriage has been arranged between the Earl of Dudley and Miss Georgina Moncreiffe, third daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncreiffe. The marriage will take place early in November."

Why it was, but now that another distinguished amateur, Lord President Granvill, to whom the Cambridge Professor of Music once stood much in the same light as Worcester Cathedral does to Earl Dudley, led (or was to lead—Mr. House was away) to the altar, Miss Castalia Campbell! Mr. House's feelings were partially allayed, however, by the receipt of a letter from an honored friend (who ought to be a Muttonian):—

DEAR SIMCOCK.—There have been great theatrical *émeutes* at Lyons and Bordeaux, in consequence of the attempt of the directors to do away with the privileges of audiences to accept or refuse any new artist—a state of things which often led to gross injustice, and a very odd custom for a nation which claims to be the politest of the polite. At Lyons *Robert le Diable*, and at Bordeaux the *Huguenot*, could not be got through in consequence of the dead set against the singers. The row in the theatres extended to the streets, and the military at Lyons had to disperse the malcontents. It is a dangerous thing in France to meddle with the amusements of the people, if hissing artists off the stage be classified as an entertainment.—Yours, dear Simcock (I thought you would like to know these things)—with all good wishes from Julius and Augustus—

HORACE MAYHEW.

Herne, Sept. 20th.

Mr. House was aware that George Augustus Sala had been watering at the Bay, but unaware that he had been accompanied by Horace. To whom then is Mr. House to attribute those amusing letters in the D. T.? Why, Mr. House would also ask, does not Horace Mayhew put up for the I O U club. He is already a non-liquidator, and might there cram for a degree at the King and Beard. Clean-limbed and clear-minded, Horace; in short, is made for a Muttonian.

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

Earl and Shoulder, Sept. 28th.

[Mr. D. Peters trusts this may be the last time he is called upon to admonish Mr. House. Mr. Ap'Mutton has frequently complained that several of his accredited travelling staff neglect *Muttoniana* for other conduits. He (Ap'M.) has but to say the word and not only Mr. S. House, but Messrs. C. Fish, L. Pitt, G. Roores, Y. Last, D. Hard, even O. Beard (who, like G. Roores, had temporary permission), &c., &c., would no longer be Muttonians, or members of the I O U. For—he (Ap'M.) argues—if they get paid for what they write, there is some danger of their eventually becoming liquidators, which would at once disable them.]

#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"It is open, after all!" This is an exclamation that on Saturday evening, somewhere between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, burst from the lips of many persons who, having read the report of the proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court on Friday, could hardly persuade themselves that the tragic muse would feel sufficiently comfortable in her renovated temple to throw open her doors within the space of some 36 hours after the utterance of Sir W. P. Wood's decision. The names of Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton had been so happily associated with each other, and also with the revival of the national drama in its ancient home, that the substitution of the very disjunctive preposition "*versus*" for the conjunctive conjunction "and" had a dismal look about it, and one began to fear that Melpomene was about to flee the earth, as *Astrea* did in days of yore. "Managers, Messrs. E. Falconer and F. B. Chatterton." How cheerful does this combination appear at the head of a Drury-lane playbill, especially in the eyes of those who recollect how much has been done by these two gentlemen for the restoration of the poetical drama! On the other hand, what can be more lugubrious than "*Falconer v. Chatterton*," used as the title of a law report? Moreover, though the members of the legal profession are individually among the foremost patrons of the drama, law, as an institution, does not readily harmonise with poetical delights. Studious mythologists teach us that the Muses underwent various changes as to number and name before they settled down as the "tuneful nine" who visited Hesiod at the foot of Mount Helicon, and who may be briefly designated as Clio and Co. Originally, it seems, there were only three of these ladies. The three subsequently were augmented to four, seven, and eight, and none of the three, the four, the seven, or the eight bore any one of the nine names familiar to every schoolboy brought up with a wholesome veneration for birch or cane. But among the abundant names that did crop up under these complicated circumstances we do not find that of Themis.

In the particular case, however, of Drury-lane Theatre, Themis and the poetical drama were on the most friendly terms. Mr. Falconer, for reasons which the very 'cutest' of our readers may possibly gather from the study of the legal proceedings, if he gives his whole mind to the subject, had determined to keep the doors of Old Drury shut on Saturday night, whereas Mr. Chatterton thought they might more conveniently revolve on their hinges.

Sir W. P. Wood thought with Mr. Chatterton, and the doors of Old Drury were opened accordingly on Saturday evening.

Aye, and to good purpose too. The house was so wonderfully full

that Mr. Falconer himself must have rejoiced, as gentlemen of the ring sometimes do, that he had lost the fight. The bill of fare offered good solid *Macbeth* as the *pièce de résistance*, with Milton's *Comus* as a delicate *hors d'œuvre*. Substantial food this for hot weather, but what does that matter when strong appetites are concerned? The closely packed multitude was in a state of continuous ecstasy. People were delighted to see their old favourite, Mr. Phelps, as *Macbeth*, delighted with the Lady *Macbeth* of Miss Atkinson, delighted with Mr. W. Beverley's scenery—delighted with everything. And this was to be expected. *Macbeth* is put on the Drury-lane stage in a very complete manner, and to a vast number of the inhabitants of London the re-opening of a time-honoured theatre for the purpose of representing the works of the national poet is an event of great importance. Fashionable playgoers, who dine late, and are only attracted to the play-house by some exceptional novelty, are the last persons to understand the feelings of the masses on dramatic subjects. The notion that *Macbeth*, or *Hamlet*, or *Othello* is heavy or "slow" is foreign to the middle and lower classes of this country. With these a certain worship of Shakespere is almost instinctive, and it is to the detection of the Shakespearian feeling in the heart of the country that Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton owe a success the record of which sheds a lustre over even the dismal proceedings of Friday.

This year the character of *Comus* is sustained by Mr. Henri Drayton, well known as a vocalist and a giver of musical entertainments. The part has generally been played by a leading actor unconnected with vocal art, but Mr. Henri Drayton sings many of the principal pieces, while he acts, and—with the advantage of a fine figure—looks the character in most effective style. Brought out at Easter, when the Drury-lane season is on the wane, *Comus* has not yet been appreciated to the full extent of its deserts. With Mr. Beverley's scenery and Mr. Cormack's groupings it is a most brilliant spectacle, and of an unique kind. Let us add that it has been thoroughly renovated for the winter, and that the dresses are as bright and gay as when first seen in the spring.

The following is the order of the Vice-Chancellor on the opening of the theatre:—

"Let the motion stand over, and, without prejudice to the notice, let the theatre be opened, with Mr. Roxby and Mr. Phelps as stage managers. Let the money be paid in the usual manner to Mr. Guiver, as treasurer, to be paid to the bank in the usual manner, but with liberty for Mr. Baker to attend in the treasury and to investigate, if he think proper, the accounts of the money-takers, check-takers, and boxkeepers, and other accounts of the theatre, with liberty to either party to apply on a week's notice, Mr. Falconer himself to be at liberty to concur in superintending the acting management without prejudice to his allegation that the partnership is already dissolved."

BRIGHTON.—A concert in aid of the German Protestant Service, held at the Newburgh Rooms, took place during the holding of the Grand Fancy Bazaar at the Royal Pavilion on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in last week. It was expected, remembering the support received on the former occasion, that the concert organised for Thursday evening would bring in a goodly sum to the fund. We are afraid, however, that this hope was destroyed in the result, the room not being much more than half-filled. Apart from the deserving object, the attraction of the concert itself should have ensured a large attendance. The "party" was eminent and well organised. Mdlle. Liebhart, the sweet-voiced Hungarian, was the "bright, particular star" of the evening, with Fratlein Mehlhorn a lesser luminary. Mr. H. Bond was the tenor; Mr. F. D'Alquen and Mr. L. Montgomery baritones. Mr. Kuhe, pianoforte, Mr. Lazarus, clarinet, and M. Paque, violoncello, were the instrumentalists. Herr Liebhart officiating as conductor. Beethoven's trio in B flat for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, was played to perfection by Messrs. Kuhe, Lazarus, and Paque. Mr. Frank D'Alquen sang the bass air "Fille des rois" from *L'Africaine*. Mr. Herbert Bond's voice "told" well in Gounod's "Salve dimora." He was encor in Macfarren's "Wear this flower." Mdlle. Liebhart marked the occasion by singing, for the first time in England, a *canson* composed expressly for her by Mattie. Its name—"La capricciosa"—is the index to its character, and Mdlle. Liebhart made it fulfil the intent of the composer,—that it should develop the resources of her organ. The "Liebhart Polka," another composition for her by Professor Mulder, and in which she has been delighting the Cockneys at Mr. Alfred Mellon's concerts, also served to display the brilliancy of her vocalisation. Her archness of style,—in its way, as great as her facile execution,—was displayed in another song which she has made her own,—Abt's "Cuckoo." Fratlein Mehlhorn gave Mozart's "Parto," the clarinet obbligato being exquisitely given by Mr. Lazarus. We need not say one word as to Mr. Kuhe's brilliant execution of Thalberg's "Ballade" and Blumenthal's "Les Ailes." M. Paque delighted the audience in a fantasia from *Maria* and one on Scotch airs.

NAPLES.—The violinist, Signor Gaetano Clandelli, is dead.

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By JOSEPH GODDARD.

(SHORT ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic). CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which mental sentiment involves, is met in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works. CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art. CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based. CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based. CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say, such labor as is here involved is not in connection with music calculated to prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of ensuring safe publication. The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate production of the book, the author urgently solicits all who feel willing to support it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect. Price to Subscribers, 5s.

## NOTICES.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

LIKE the Germans well enough as a rule; they are, in their social life, a good-natured drowsy sort of people, kind and hospitable, albeit a little too fond of singing songs, writing verses, and—when the police will allow them—making speeches about that fabulous entity: a united Fatherland. When, however, I say "the Germans" I distinctly except the Prussians, at any rate the Prussians of the present age. I always looked upon the Prussians as the Yankees of Germany, though there is not the slightest doubt that they had their good points. Now a great change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams. They are growing the most arrogant, over-bearing, and self-sufficient race on the face of the globe. They are so inflated with their glorious (?) victories over the Danes that they fancy no other nation is fit to hold a candle to them, and the tone adopted by their papers would be sickening, if it were not ridiculous. This holds good not only of their political journals, but, also, of those which treat more especially of art. For instance, a writer in the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* indited a paragraph touching the recent Gloucester Festival. After giving a summary of the works performed, he concludes by saying: "And then the hearers separated with the consciousness of having heard sufficient music for

three years." ("Und dann gingen die Zuhörer mit dem Bewusstsein auseinander, genug Musik für drei Jahre genossen zu haben.") Now the writer of these words has, I am sorry to inform him placed himself between the two horns of a dilemma, on one of which I will shortly have him wriggling. He either knows nothing at all of the state of musical affairs in England, and, therefore, has no right whatever to indulge in a sneering statement devoid of truth, or he *does* know something about them and chooses to assert the reverse of what he must be well aware is the real fact. Whether prompted, however, by ill-feeling or proceeding from ignorance, his peroration is simply an absurdity; he has no occasion, I can assure him, to exclaim with Dogberry: "Remember that I am an ass!" We shall not easily forget it. His own words are there to prove it, and seeing that, as the Italians say: "Parole una volta volate"—let alone "stampate"—"non possono esser revocate," so an ass he will remain to the end of his days. Oh! "the hearers separated," did they, "with the consciousness of having heard—or "enjoyed," to be very literal in the rendering of the participle "genossen"—"sufficient music for three years?" Does this Prussian critic mean that the public merely went to the festival for fashion sake and were glad that they had got rid of the labour for another three years? If so, I beg to say he is lamentably wrong. Or would he imply that the taste of the English for music is like the appetite of the boa-constrictor, which, after being satisfied, lies dormant for a considerable period? If such be his drift, I beg to say he is still more lamentably wrong. Of the vast numbers of persons attending the Gloucester Festival, nearly all will, most probably, and the greater portion, *most certainly*, be found among those attending the Monday Popular Concerts, the Exeter Hall Concerts, the Crystal Palace Concerts, and plenty of others of the same high class, long ere the three years, to which the sapient Prussian scribe alludes, are elapsed. Before the expiration of the three years in question they will have heard many more performances of as good music as that to which they listened at the Gloucester Festival, because, unmusical as we English are, according to some of our foreign friends—it is a strange fact that—the works of the mighty masters of tone, the compositions of Haydn, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, not to mention many others, are much more frequently and *much more efficiently*—"think of that, Master Brook"—executed in England than in Germany. Facts are stubborn things, and facts prove beyond a doubt that English audiences who attend Musical Festivals do not indulge in music only at intervals of three years. There is another fact, too, of which they can boast: they have never flirted with music; they have never deserted the true gods to worship idols; they have not abandoned Beethoven and Mendelssohn for Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, and I firmly believe they never will.

The Royal Operahouse re-opened for the season on the 2nd of last month, the opera selected being Weber's *Oberon*. Up to the present time the principal object of the management appears to have been to decide on the merits of a long list of singers, male and female, who would like engagements. I cannot describe the result as eminently satisfactory, or calculated to give one a very high notion of the state of vocal art in Germany generally. For instance, on the 4th of the month, that is: two days after the opening, so you see the management did not allow the grass to grow under their feet, we had Herr Schleich, from the Stadttheater, Hamburg, as Max, in *Der Freischütz*. He next appeared as Chateauneuf, in Lortzing's *Czar und Zimmerman*. His third part was that of Octavian in *Don Juan*. To say that he is bad would not be true; to assert that he is good, would be going a little too far. He may be described as tolerable. He has evidently studied his art, and is not deficient in intelligence, as evidenced by his

conception of the several parts he undertook. But he has a very great obstacle to overcome, and that is the want of a pleasing voice. He was kindly received by the audience. I am not aware, however, whether he has succeeded in the object of his visit, namely: a permanent engagement as tenor. If he has, I should feel compelled to tell him—supposing he desired to know my sentiments—in the words Britannia was once represented by *Punch* as employing to Lord John Russell, when the latter was a candidate for the prime ministership, or something of the kind: "Really, I am afraid you are not strong enough for the place."

Having disposed of Herr Schleich, I now come to Herr Bähr, who tried his hand, or rather his voice, as Alfonso, in *La Muette*. So much and no more, at present for Herr Bähr for I have to chronicle the appearance of other visitors, and Herr Bähr is not of sufficient importance to be allowed more space in your columns, especially as the visitors of whom I have to speak are ladies. First comes Madlle. von Zawisza, who commenced by impersonating Orpheus in Gluck's *Orpheus und Eurydice*. This lady, an importation from the Bohemian Theatre in Prague, possesses a pleasing exterior and an agreeable contralto voice, but she did not produce a very particular impression on her first appearance. In her second character, that of Donna Elvira in *Don Juan*, she was even less successful; and in her third, Lucrezia Borgia, in Donizetti's opera of the same name, she was simply like a fish out of water. She ought never to have attempted the part. The music is far too high for her, though much of it was, of course, transposed to suit her voice. I should hardly suppose she will be considered equal to the task of replacing poor Mdille. de Ahna, who was so prematurely carried off, and this opinion of mine is not shaken by the fact that her Fides in *Le Prophète* was not at all bad.

The second lady on my list is Madlle. Hütta who made a successful *début* as Zerlina in Mozart's great work, and followed it up by a pleasing representation of the Page in *Le Nozze*, and of Gemmy in *Wilhelm Tell*. She is, however, anything but a first-rate artist, such as we should expect to hear at an establishment like the Royal Berlin Operahouse, but the fact is that, with a few, a very few brilliant exceptions, there are no really first-class vocalists in Germany. When I have named Madlle. de Murska, Madlle. Lucca, Madame Harriers-Wippern and one or two more, I have exhausted the catalogue, which forms the very opposite in length to that exhibited so unctuously by Leporello. But to go back to my buttons, that is to my *débutantes*. A Madlle. Bähr make her first appearance as the Countess in *Le Nozze*. Whether she is any relative of the Herr Bähr whom I have already mentioned, and whom I did not think I should mention again in my present letter, is more than I know. All the information I can give you concerning her personally is that she comes from the Stadttheater in Cologne. Regarding her artistically, I do not consider her ripe to appear in the first theatre of a large capital. She is a mere novice, both histrionically and vocally. She requires much more practice than she has hitherto had before she can hope to feel at home on the stage, or to do justice to her natural gifts which, from what I have seen and heard of her, are well worth careful cultivation. Her personal appearance is prepossessing, and her voice a mezzo-soprano distinguished for considerable power combined with great sweetness. The second part selected by her was that of Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, in which she confirmed, and, indeed, increased, the favorable impression she had produced in *Le Nozze*. By the way, I must not conclude my list of fair "guests" without according a word of praise to Madame Eiswald for the efficient fashion in which she acquitted herself of the difficult part of the Queen of Night in *Die Zauberflöte*. Madlle. de Ahna, as I have recorded in former letters, used to play the part, but she

always omitted the airs, on account of their lying too high for her voice. It is to be hoped that the management will not let Madame Eiswald slip through their fingers, for though her voice cannot boast of all the freshness of youth, it is well trained; there is nothing crude about it, and the lady who owns it knows her profession, and does not require to learn it, as so many other fair aspirants for Berlin favor do, on the boards of our Royal Operahouse.

I think—indeed, I am certain—I informed you, some time back, that Herr Wachtel was engaged here with a *congé* of six months every year. He commenced his engagement at the beginning of the month by appearing as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. Of course, he was vociferously applauded, and, equally of course, called on. His style of singing is not unknown to you and, therefore, I will not attempt to describe the performance. Suffice it for me to observe that, like all this popular singer does, it could not be charged with want of energy. The next part chosen by Herr Wachtel was that of Johan von Leyden, in *Le Prophète*, and he certainly did not make any very great hit, not even in the estimation of the Berliners themselves, though they may never have heard Mario in the character. In the first place, Herr Wachtel could not play the part; in the second, he does not look the part; and, in the third, he was not music-perfect in the part. At the conclusion of the opera, too, his voice gave unmistakable signs of fatigue. Take care! take care! Herr Wachtel. There is such a thing as riding a willing horse to death, and there is also such a thing as ruining a naturally strong voice. Perhaps it is superfluous for me to mention that Herr Wachtel has appeared in Adam's *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, revived expressly for him, because in the *Postillon de Lonjumeau* he always does and always will appear, if by hook or by crook he can do so. Consequently, as he is, figuratively speaking, "monarch of all he surveys" here, he has treated us to his favourite character. The Madeleine on the occasion was Mdille. Gericke. I only hope that this young lady may be as fortunate as the former representative of the part. I allude to Sophia Löwe, who left the stage to appear before the world as Princess Lichstenstein.

Great preparations are being made for the production of *L'Africaine*, which is expected to be ready somewhere in the early part of October. Madlle. Lucca will, as a matter of course, be Selika; Herr Wachtel sustains the part of Vasco di Gama; Herr Krüger, that of Don Alvaro; Mad. Harriers-Wippern, that of Inez; and Herr Betz, that of Nelusko. If report is to be trusted, the *misen-scène* will be magnificent, and nothing that money can command will be wanting to ensure the complete and triumphant success of the work.

Considerable activity has been displayed, of late, at the other theatres where opera is given. Thus we have had a very creditable revival of Donizetti's *Belisario* at Kroll's Theatre, and a good performance of Félicien David's *Lalla Rookh* at Meysel's Theatre. At the latter, too, the enterprising manager Herr Woltersdorff, produced a novelty in the shape of *Andreas Hofer der Sandvirth vom Passeyr*, a rather dreary trifle in five acts by the late Herr W. Kirchoff, who has now been dead some years. It strikes me that this opera, like the monarch of a neighbouring country who once

" . . . with fifty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill and then—marched down again,"

has been produced simply to be withdrawn. I sincerely trust that Herr Woltersdorff, who is both enterprising and intelligent, may recoup himself by the engagement he has concluded with the celebrated tragedian, Herr Dawson, for any loss he may have incurred in producing *Andreas Hofer*. Herr Woltersdorff gives Herr Dawson 10,000 thalers to play two months (October and November) here in Berlin, and one month (December) at Königsberg,

the theatre of which town is under his (Herr Woltersdorff's) management. These are liberal terms, but they are not all, for Herr Dawson is to receive also a share of the house. Fortunate Herr Dawson!

Anton Rubinstein and W. Wieniawski have both been here lately, but merely as birds of passage. They made no stay, and with the statement of this not exceedingly exciting item of intelligence I conclude for to-day.

VALE.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that Mdlle. Marie Taglioni has definitely made up her mind to quit the stage, which she has graced by her talent for at least twenty years.

## EARL DUDLEY AND THE FESTIVALS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Lord Dudley is determined that Bishops and Deans shall not have a monopoly in talking nonsense about oratorios. He is resolved to do all he can to prevent the usual triennial festival at Worcester next year, and has already broken ground as an earnest of the serious campaign he meditates. A musical drama, he says, even when the words are sacred, is not a fit thing to be performed in a cathedral. If we know what Lord Dudley means, he dislikes musical dramas in churches because he thinks they are not acts of religious worship. If this is his reason, it is clear that nature has unkindly denied him the gift of musical sensibility, and he is therefore no more capable of judging of the effect of oratorios than a deaf man would be of judging of the effect of sermons preached from a pulpit, or of the reading of the narrative parts of the Bible at a reading desk. An oratorio is nothing more than an impressive singing of sacred words, and its performance is every whit as much a religious act as the preaching a sermon, or the reading aloud of the history of Elijah or St. Paul. If the histories of Elijah and St. Paul, as they stand in the Old and New Testaments, are not dramatic narratives, we know not what the word dramatic means. Lord Dudley, being, as we presume, destitute of a musical ear, cannot understand the reproduction of the sacred words in the measured cadence of song, and with the accompaniment of horns and violins, though he would see no objection to the singing of King David's impassioned and dramatic psalms, provided they are turned into bad English verse, and sung to the accompaniment of an organ. Like so many other people who are deaf to the voice of music, his only notion of a religious act is the listening to a preacher, or the repeating the words of a prayer, or the singing of psalms and hymns. Yet, in reality, a good performance of the *Messiah* or *Elijah* is a far more effectual method of impressing religious truths upon the mind as living realities than ninety-nine out of every hundred sermons that are preached. And if any man has ever heard the history of the Israelitish Exodus or the Psalms of David read in church in such a manner as to produce the same profound sense of the majesty, the holiness, and the goodness of the Most High as we feel when listening to the wonderful *Israel in Egypt*, we can only say, in reply, that his experience of clerical reading must have been exceptional indeed.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—I am glad to find that my remarks a few weeks ago on Worcester and Gloucester have led to a practical effort being made to resist any opposition to the next Worcester Festival. In order that no time might be lost in mere discussion, and that the expression of angry feelings might be forestalled by a calm demonstration of public opinion, Dr. Williams took up the subject, and proceeded to obtain the views of the citizens upon it. A large body of influential residents in the city and country have already signed a declaration of their approval of the Festival; and, as I have said before, I am satisfied that any attempt to close the Cathedral against it would be met with a vigorous opposition on the part of the citizens. The city is much indebted to Dr. Williams for the part he has taken in the matter, and I hope the Festival Committee will now speedily get to work and prepare to make the next Worcester meeting a greater success than ever. This the more especially, hearing (as I do) that the sleepless James Henry Brown,

"Brown of Gloucester," threatens to whip in a round hundred of stewards for 1868. After all Drinkwater Hard, if no fool, is no prophet, though if no prophet he must be a fool.—Yours,  
*Pear Gardens, Sept. 25.*

PERRY OF WORCESTER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Your readers will be happy to learn that I have received the pleasing intelligence from Gloucester that there will be a surplus of receipts over expenditure available for the charity, and that the stewards are so well pleased with the result that 50 of them have already signified their acceptance of the renewal of their office for the Gloucester Festival of 1865. It is also believed on substantial grounds that the Dean of Gloucester will not oppose the holding of the festivals in the Cathedral.

I now beg your attention to two letters connected with the Worcester Festival of next year which have appeared in the *Worcester Herald*. The first is from the Earl of Dudley, who has so munificently contributed towards the restoration of our Cathedral, that whatever view his Lordship supports will be sure to meet with due consideration. Lord Dudley objects to the meeting being held in the Cathedral, without, however, assigning any reason beyond an expression of his opinion that the latter is not the place "for musical dramas, even on sacred subjects." He admits however that the existing practice has received the sanction of "serious men and women," and as he does not tell us why cathedrals are not fitting places for sacred dramas I shall put that sanction as at least equal in weight to his Lordship's opinion. I have not space to set down all that occurs to me as supporting the belief that cathedrals are the most fitting places for sacred dramas, but I insist that they are the fittest, chiefly because they are the best adapted for giving the most glorious effect to the sublimest works of our sacred composers. Sacred dramas themselves are as thoroughly religious as anthems; they are not performed, in the usual meaning of the word, but sung, the effect being deepened and intensified by the combination of instruments and voices. Are the performers more sinful and less acceptable in the sight of Heaven than so many average men and women assembled in a church as its usual congregation? Is the bass viol less religious than the organ? Are the words of Scripture less inspired when employed in oratorio than when read or uttered in plain song. Oratorios are not religion; they may however create religious feelings, and they certainly heighten those which are connected with religion. But neither are cathedrals religion; they are only instruments and means; so that I am unable to conjecture what his Lordship's objection can possibly be, nor have I the faintest notion why "now more than ever the restored cathedral" should not be the place for sacred dramas, which are at once religious and sublime. Here is Lord Dudley's letter *in extenso*:

To the Editor of the "Worcester Herald."

Sir,—As I see from the perusal of the Worcester papers that the question of no longer holding the triennial festival in the cathedral is exciting much attention, and calling forth in some cases, I am sorry to say, hard and angry expressions, will you let me have a few lines of your valuable space, as, from not being on the spot, I have no opportunity of personally discussing the one question, "Is the cathedral the place for holding these meetings?" I admit most fully the claims of the charity; the heightening of the effect of the performance of sacred music in a cathedral; the beauty of the compositions themselves; the prescription of time, and the countenance for long years of serious men and women; as well as the advantage to the town and trade of Worcester. But, notwithstanding this, I venture to say—as I feel—that the Cathedral—and now more than ever the restored cathedral—is not the place for musical dramas, even on sacred themes. That this will be generally admitted—perhaps not this year, or next, but very shortly—I cannot doubt; and the restoration of the original idea of a service by the united choirs, or the removing of the festival from the precincts of the cathedral, will be the result.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,  
*Forest Lodge, Balmally, Sept. 18th.*

DUDLEY.

The other letter on this subject is from Dr. Phillip Williams, advocating an expression of public opinion on the retention of the music meetings. The Worcester people, I think, had better regard the matter in this way—the festivals must be held in the cathedral or abandoned altogether. I do not believe that there is any middle course practicable, to say nothing about the utter absence of its necessity, and shall not look to the destruction of these time-

honored meetings as possible, unless under an unhappy conjunction of conditions, of which I have not heard and of which I can see no trace. Here, *in extenso*, is the letter of Dr. Phillip Williams:—

*To the Editor of the "Worcester Herald."*

SIR,—Kindly allow me space for a few lines concerning the musical festivals held in the cathedrals of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, during the last 140 years. It may be known to many of your readers that an early opposition to these glorious celebrations has been suggested. I have therefore undertaken to ascertain the general feeling on the subject, and I respectfully request those residents in the city and county who advocate the continuance of the oratories for the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen to sign, as soon as convenient, a statement to that effect at the library of Mr. Deighton, in High Street. —I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

PHILLIP H. WILLIAMS, M.D.

Worcester, Sept. 18, 1865.

There is a letter in the same paper on the existing want of harmony among a body of the musical men of the city, which I hope will receive attention. Why cannot the parties to this unhappy strife submit their case to arbitration, and, having fought it out on the fair field of disputation, whichever is in the wrong give in, shake hands, and be done with it like men? *In extenso*, here is the letter to the same paper:—

*To the Editor of the "Worcester Herald."*

MR. EDITOR,—I was glad to read some observations with reference to the Worcester Glee Club in a late number of the *Worcester Herald*. It was not long ago that this city was looked upon as one of the best nurseries for musical talent in the kingdom, and you, sir, must yourself recollect the many promotions which took place from our Cathedral quire to lucrative situations of eminence in the metropolis and elsewhere. Our concerts were the most frequent, best conducted, and well attended, out of London; and the Festivals of the Three Choirs were largely helped by the accession of Worcester men; while the fame of our Glee Club was spread so far and wide that it was said only one place in the provinces (Canterbury) could rival it, and visitors and commercial men would hasten or retard their journeys through Worcester in order to enjoy a Tuesday night at the quarters of the club.

Alas, how are things now changed! The Glee Club and the Festival Choral Society are languishing even unto death; the Music-Hall still remains unfinished, and its noble organ is totally spoilt by rain dripping through the roof, till the pipes either have been or will be sold to pay certain debts. Those who would know the retrogression we have made in music practically should attend the Cathedral services. Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon I was present, and heard Boyce's anthem "O where shall wisdom" and Aldrich's service so badly done as to be painful. Fully admitting the objectionable position of the organ and the inefficiency of so small an instrument, there really was no excuse and no accounting for the shocking slovenliness of the musical services. I trust therefore these remarks will meet the eye of the precentor, or whoever it is who has to superintend the proper expression of praise to God in our public worship.

And what is the cause of all this falling off in the musical ability of Worcester? Petty dissensions, jealousies, and pride, among the profession itself. Nothing more or less, Mr. Editor, I assure you. There is the same public to appreciate and patronise good music as ever, but there is not that union, good feeling, and *esprit de corps*, among musical men which till within the last few years rendered Worcester famous. Public singers of however inferior accomplishments have all the airs of great men and women who will not condescend to sing at charity festivals except at prices absolutely ruinous; and these little people must be furnished with flys (very few people have the proper use of their legs now-a-days), lavender gloves, scented handkerchiefs, and the other frippery of orchestral tomfoolery. Then if Mr. Tweedledum's name is printed on the handbill before Mr. Tweedledee's, Mr. Tweedledee rises in great indignation and disgust; or if Mr. Snooke's claims as a conductor are accepted before those of Mr. Stokes, Mr. Stokes not only withdraws his professional assistance from the concert, but takes away with him Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson, whose help either in fiddling or singing was indispensable to its success. The inconsiderate and overbearing manner in which the members of the Glee Club have been treated by the local professional element is such as I will not trust myself to enter upon, for fear of making matters worse, in hastening the decease of an institution so highly approved of, and which has been of such eminent service in its day; but if such result come to pass I cannot avoid denouncing the conduct of one or two of its musical members as having been the sole cause, during the three or four years, of discord, inefficiency, disruption, and death.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

CYRUS HAWTHORNE SHRUB.

Worcester, Sept. 27, 1865.

It strikes me that Mr. Shrub makes out a good case, and trust-

ing the excellent Mr. Done, cathedral organist, may see it in that light, I am, Sir, your constant reader,

APPLEFORD OF HEREFORD.

*The Haze, Mazebury, Wyeside, Sept. 26.*

SIR,—Your information astounded me, as it has no doubt some others. The Worcester Festival in danger! Feeling a deep interest not only in the great musical meeting itself, for its own sake, but in the noble charity with which it is connected, I thank you for letting the public know thus early of the effort which is afoot for terminating the meeting. I am glad to learn, however, that the opposition is lay and not clerical; that it is not a collective but an individual opposition; because we shall the sooner get over it. We must begin to work early. You have given us plenty of time, and I am sure Worcester will do her duty, and show her strength in a great body of stewards. If the Worcester Festival goes down, must come Hereford and Gloucester, and what is to become of the widows and orphans who are partly dependant on the fund, which is £1,000 a-year? If Earl Dudley were to provide the £300 a-year for the Worcester diocese, what is to be done for Gloucester and Hereford? Yours obediently,

Deen Forest—Sept. 28.

DEAN OF THE FOREST.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—As it is understood that an effort will be made this year to induce the Dean and Chapter to refuse the use of the Cathedral for the festival which in due course is to be held in this city next year it behoves the citizens—those of them, a vast majority we are quite sure, who see in that purpose and nature of the annual meeting of the three choirs nothing out of harmony with the character of the edifice in which it has been ordinarily held—to take care that, whatever may be the decision of the authorities, and we have few apprehensions as to that, there should be no misunderstanding as to what is the popular sentiment on the subject. Dr. Williams as he informs us in a letter which appears in another column, has furnished the opportunity for laying before the Dean and Chapter an expression of the opinion of the public of Worcester, and we hope it will not fail of being a full one through any default on the part of the citizens. Numerous signatures have already been appended to the statement, among which we are glad to notice those of the members for the city (R. Padmore and A. C. Sheriff, Esqrs.), the Mayor (J. D. Perrin, Esq.), the Sheriff (T. Southall, Esq.), Sir Charles Hastings, M. D., Sir John S. Pakington, Bart., M.P., Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, Bart., the High Sheriff (A. H. Royds, Esq.), Mr. H. D. Carden, &c.—*Berrowes' Worcester Journal.*

—o—

#### PARIS.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

Have a care, M. Bagier! have a care! You are treading on dangerous ground! You have been broaching a ticklish subject! You have been badly advised, or you have foolishly resolved! You must not attempt to play fast and loose with the public, above all with the Parisian public, who, in their private estimation, are the wisest and best of publics, and consider theatrical managers as animals permitted to exist only by the radiance of their (the public) countenance. M. Bagier, in short, has published a letter in certain journals explaining his future intentions with respect to the Théâtre-Italien, one of which is that "To cover the extraordinary expenses of certain representations, he will be obliged, in the course of the season, to augment frequently the price of places taken *en location au en bureau*." A more hazardous act on the part of a theatrical manager, in my opinion, was never contemplated. There is, however, a "but" attached to M. Bagier's resolution. "Mais en aucun cas, cette augmentation n'atteindra le prix d'abonnements," he urges, no doubt desirous to conciliate the subscribers at the expense of the general public. I fear the director of the Italiens, by this injudicious determination, will injure himself greatly. Moreover, the exceptional rule in favour of the subscription was not needed. The subscribers either pay before hand, or agree to pay a fixed sum for boxes or stalls. In either case it would be impossible to increase the prices, so that his declaration was absolutely useless, and could have no other effect than to irritate those who would be casual visitors only. Besides, the augmentation of prices is an old "dodge" on the part of operatic managers; they do it, however, *sub rosa* and continue to throw the onus on the music-publishers, and in the regular "*location*" or "*bureau*" pretend to adhere to the ordinary tariff of

charges. Neither Mr. J. H. Mapleson, nor Mr. Frederick Gye, with every desire in the world to augment the usual prices when the chance is given him, and to profit by any change, would ever think of alluding to such a managerial device in his prospectus, much less write a letter to the papers making it a condition of his programme and calling particular attention thereto. I never thought M. Bagier otherwise, considered as the director of a great theatre. I am now constrained to believe him one of the most short-sighted of managers. And after all, what can he intend by the "extraordinary representations" which are to necessitate the raising of the prices? We are told by M. Bagier in his letter that "among the works to be produced in the course of the season, and which have never been given on the Italian stage in Paris, figure the opera buffa *Don Bucefalo* of Cagnoni, the opera seria *Leonora* of Mercadante, and Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*." As no other productions, new or old, are touched upon in the epistle, we are naturally led to infer that the public will be asked to pay extra money for these precious works, which no amount of outlay, nor excellence in singing and acting, I am positive, could render successful. *Ex uno (trio) discit omnes*, and from this specimen of M. Bagier's intentions I augur no good results for the approaching season.

A new three-act opera, entitled *Le Roi des Mines*, has been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique with no large amount of success. M. Dubreuil is the librettist and M. Chérouvrier the composer. I cannot say much either about poet or musician. The King of the Mines is Gustavus Vasa, the lion of north, as Dugald Dalgetie calls him, who, like Peter the Great at Zaandam, is an artificer, only Peter was a shipwright and Gustavus is a miner. The incidents present nothing new, nor even attractive, and the book of the opera cannot be praised, although the verses are smooth and well written for music. The performance created a certain amount of interest. There were present at the first representation Auber, Duprez, and his daughter Madame Vandeneuve, Roger, and M. Jules Cohen. The characters *en chef* were sustained by Mdlles. de Mæsen and Willème, MM. Lutz, Wartel and Puget.

The Bouffes-Parisiens has re-opened and very successfully. The novelty of the opening night was a character piece, or *scène épisodique*, called *Les Refrains des Bouffes*, in which all the artists of the establishment appear in the costume of some favourite part and act a sort of charade, the music written by M. Offenbach, who is again at the head of affairs. The other pieces were *La Chatte Métamorphosée Croquefer*, and a very agreeable *partitionette* by M. Legoux, called *Le Lion de Saint Marc*. Madlle. Tautin was excellent as the metamorphosed cat.

Tamberlik is here. He bears his honours meekly, and does not strut an atom more proudly, nor look one story higher than used to be his wont, since her Majesty of Spain decorated him with the Order of Charles III. Nay, to meet Tamberlik in the streets you would never suspect that the Emperor of all the Russias, not one excluded, had presented him with a golden medal with his likeness imprinted thereon, surrounded with brilliants, and bearing on the ribbon the Order of Saint Andrew.

I am well pleased to inform you that Vincent Wallace is considerably better and is about to set off for the Pyrénées-Orientales, which his medical attendants affirm to be the only place likely to restore him to health.

Liszt is at work on a new oratorio. The new oratorio is entitled *Sainte-Etienne*. Here is a chance for your Sacred Harmonic Society. Will Costa be willing?

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

*I Paris, Sept. 27.*

MR. HOWARD GLOVER (son of the Mrs. Glover, the actress and renowned comedian), having resigned his post as musical critic of the *Morning Post*, has opened an institution which may prove of the highest utility. It consists of morning and evening classes, in which singing and acting are to be illustrated by the rehearsal of operas and oratorios. Mr. Glover's experience is thoroughly well adapted for the training of artists destined for the concert-room and stage. He is a violinist as well as a pianist, has long and successfully taught singing, and has been both tenor and conductor in his time.—*Queen.*

MR. VINCENT WALLACE has left Paris for the Pyrenees.

THE ABBE LISZT is engaged upon another oratorio, to be entitled *St. Stephen.*

### Muttoniana.

Dr. Silent having been removed to the dormitory of the I O U club (limited to non-liquidators), Mr. Table continues to act as his temporary "sub." But to capitulate:—

#### APROPOS DE BOTTES.

Sir.—The great musical news of the day is the production of Liszt's oratorio of *St. Elizabeth*, at Pesth. It is known that Liszt is a great friend of Pius IX., that he is devoted to the Papacy, and that he has recently become an abbé. How, after this, is Liszt to get on with his friend Wagner, who, so far from being attached to the Pope and to the Conservative order of things, is an advanced Republican of the reddest possible hue? To me, remembering what the opera has hitherto been, it seems almost inexplicable that an operatic composer should be a thoroughgoing Republican. Doubtless, there is nothing essentially antagonistic between Republicanism and the opera; but, in Europe, we generally associate Republicanism with furious and unavailing attempts to establish a republic; and music, like other arts, cannot be cultivated with advantage in times of tumult and turmoil. Moreover, the utility of opera is not apparent at first sight to the vulgar eye; and modern democratic Republicans are, generally speaking, either careless about music or detest it. Verdi, it is true, sits in the Italian Chamber as a member of the extreme party, and Beethoven was a confirmed Republican, and, according to a well-known anecdote, struck out a dedication to Napoleon prefixed to one of his works as soon as he heard that his former idol had assumed Imperial power. But, on the other hand, Verdi when, three years ago, he wrote *La Forza del Destino* for the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, was not too extreme in his views to accept an honorarium of some thousands of pounds from the truculent and tyrannical Czar. No Republican government, no Constitutional monarch would have given him as many pence. Then again, Beethoven met with no support from the people. There were no "popular concerts" in his day. He had to look for patronage to the crowned heads of Europe, and for appreciation as well as assistance of all kinds to Bohemian magnates, Russian ambassadors and princes, and generally to the aristocratic society of the Austrian capital—the Licknowskis, Lobkowitzs, Razoumofskys, and Galitzins—whose names to many of us are now only known from their appearing so often on Beethoven's title pages.—I am, Sir, with much respect,

WHAMPTON BUSHBURY (Bart.).

Mr. Table by no means cohibits further communication from Sir Whampton Bushbury, although the forgoing is *apropos* of anything but the subject with which it starts. This, however, may possibly be the level of it. But further to capitulate:—

"ENCORE," "ANCORA," "BIS," "ANCOR," MR. FROTH, NICOLINE.

DEAR TABLE.—My attention has been called to a supposed error in a recent communication, in which, after remarking that English audiences, when they wish a song or piece of music to be repeated, call out "encore," while French audiences express the same desire by calling out "bis," I asserted that our English cry, "encore," is not taken from the French, but that it is an abbreviation and corruption of the Italian "ancora." In the first place, we are told that "encore" is not an abbreviation (I expressly italicize the word) of "ancora;" and it is quite true that the two words contain each the same number of letters. Nevertheless, "encore" is a word of two, "ancora" a word of three syllables. The fact is, "encore" ought never to be written at all. Our operatic audiences, when the King's Theatre was first opened for the performance of the Italian lyric drama, used to call out "ancora;" but the word, in the course of time, became abbreviated and corrupted into "ancor;" finally, our theatrical critics mistook "ancor" (of which the true origin had escaped them) for the French word "encore." I repeat that the French equivalent for our "encore" is "bis." It seems to me, then, that we cannot have adopted from France an expression which the French themselves do not use in the sense in which our English audiences employ it. On the other hand, we have positive proof that "ancora" was a well-known operatic cry in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Our evidence is contained in the following passage from No. 323 of the *Spectator*:—"Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig; bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out *ancora*."

Yours, dear Table, EVELYN BLOOD (Bart.).

*Red House, Redgate, Reigate.*

As Mr. Table never wants to hear any piece twice, he has no use for the vocabulary so learnedly expounded (if erroneously) by Sir Evelyn Blood, from whom Mr. Table does not desire to hear again on the subject; in short, he expressly cohibits its being further discussed in *Muttoniana*, unless a preciput be enclosed for Mr. Table—which is the level of it.

## ENGLISH OPERA, SANS REEVES AND SANTLEY.

Sir.—The opening of Covent Garden Theatre by the association irreverently called the "Royal English Pantomime Company" has been postponed until November. The pre-pantomimic season of the "Royal English Opera" (which is the real title of the enterprise in question) was not very successful last year, and I believe the experience of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison at Covent Garden, for several years in succession, showed that very little money was to be made by giving performances of English opera, unsupported by harlequin, columbine, clown, and pantaloon. I regret this state of things, and consider it disgraceful to our taste as a musical nation, or rather, as a nation of musical pretensions. Hitherto, it is true, English Opera has never had a fair chance; though I doubt whether during our time a better chance than it has already had will ever be afforded it. An English opera without Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley is an absurdity, though it would be equally an absurdity for those excellent singers to accept engagements that do not suit them simply on the ground that they are offered to them by a company which calls itself emphatically "English." Under these circumstances, I am, yours in obedience,

THOMAS BULLOCK LODGE.

Mr. Table thinks Mr. Thomas Bullock Lodge, having really nothing to say or write, might have held his tongue or pen. Had Mr. Table got Dr. Silent's box of asterisks he would deal out for Mr. Lodge a double row of them. But to capitulate:

## STOP THIEF.

Sir at the Royal Italian Opera the great novelty of next year is I am told to be Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* the principal part in this work is said to have been written specially for Madile Adelina Patti that can hardly be the case seeing that *Romeo and Juliet* is to be produced in the first instance at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris I can quite understand however that when the opera is brought out at Covent Garden M Gounod will be glad to see Madile Adelina Patti in the part of the heroine M Blaze de Bury in one of his recent contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* stated that the chief situation in Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was to be found in an English drama entitled *The Law of Java* written some forty years ago by George Colman the younger and furnished with an overture and incidental music by Bishop a contemporary has shown that there is little more resemblance between *The Law of Java* and *L'Africaine* than between Monmouth and Mace- don there is a upas-tree in Colman's play and there is a manchenilla in Meyerbeer's opera but in Colman's play the upas-tree is not seen and no heroine dies beneath it whereas in Meyerbeer's opera the death of the heroine beneath the manchenilla takes place in the middle of the stage and is the great "situation" in the piece yours truly

To S T Table Esq

BAYLIS BOIL.

Mr. Table is out of breath. Reading Mr. Boil is like tumbling down a steep precipice in a deep dream. What has Gounod to do with Blaze de Bury? What *Romeo and Juliet* with the *Law of Java*? What? Which? What? Mr. Table is out of breath.

## BEAN WITH IT.

DEAR TABLE.—I propose as a subject for one of Punch's next cuts:—*Men bearing arms, baring them to bear.* Perhaps a *Bare Statement* would be a better heading; but on that heading I do not object to your consulting Mr. Harmony Silver, or Mr. Horace Mayhew.—I am, nevertheless, yours faithfully,

PAUL MOIST.

Riverside, Dippington, near Wells, Bathbury.

Mr. Table would simply say to Mr. Moist, *Forbear!*—the level of it.

*Fish and Volume, Sept. 29 (Goose Day).*

S. Toyer Table.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—These popular entertainments will be brought to a close this evening with Mr. Alfred Mellon's benefit, after the longest and most successful season they have yet known. Madile Carlotta Patti and Madile Marie Krebs have maintained their favoritism unabated since the first night of their appearance, and Signor Bottegini, the latest addition to the instrumentalists, has proved the most successful of all. The usual "Classic Night" was given on Thursday, and comprised selections from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Gluck, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Weber. During the week, Madile Marie Krebs performed with immense applause Ascher's Romance "Alice" and H. Eisoldt's "Playful Naiades," and Madile Carlotta Patti introduced Mattei's "Non Credetemi," written expressly for her. We shall have something to say next week about Mr. Alfred Mellon's past season.

WARSAW.—Sig. Merelli has been appointed manager of the Italian Opera. Signor Bettini, and Signora Trebelli will belong to his company.

## ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

On the occasion of the benefit of Miss Augusta Thomson, which took place on Thursday, the 21st instant, an English version of Pergolese's comic opera, *La Serva Padrona*, was produced under the title of *Married in Spite of Himself*, with great success. Miss Augusta Thomson sang and acted the part of Zerbina admirably and showed a large amount of comic talent. The old man was played by Mr. R. Wilkinson and Scapin by Mr. W. James.

The following explanatory account of Pergolese's celebrated work was distributed in the gallery:—

"This masterpiece of Pergolese is, so to speak, the parent of the French school of comic opera. Originally produced in Italy, about the year 1730, a company of travelling actors, under the direction of Signor Bambini, carried the work to Paris, and having obtained leave to give several representations at the Opera-house, on the 2nd of August, 1752, *La Serva Padrona* was presented for the first time in France. It produced the most astonishing effect, and it struck a fatal blow at the old heavy school of French music. The Parisians, with their usual enthusiasm, ranged themselves in battle order—with one side the war cry was Lulli and Rameau, with the other Pergolese and Opera Bouffe. Rousseau, Grimm, and all the wits and men of letters of the time took part in the fray. Politics were forgotten for the nonce; and it has been well remarked, that while the fever lasted the combatants wounded each other with pamphlets in the morning, and endeavored to kill each other with small swords in the evening. Louis XV., who sided with the partisans of the French school, at length ordered that the Italian company should stop playing; but Louis Quinze could not eradicate the effect which Pergolese's work had produced; it had laid the foundation of French comic opera, and *La Serva Padrona* itself was a couple of years after translated into French, and produced at the Comédie Italienne, on the 14th August, 1744, with Roachard and Madame Favart in the two principal parts. This translation, which was nearly literal, was made by Pierre Baurans; and just one century after the first representation of *La Serva Padrona* in Paris, the *Servante Maitresse* was revived and played with extraordinary success at the Opéra Comique, MM. Gourdin, Berthelier and Madame Galli-Marie being the representatives."

The English adapters of the work, Mr. W. J. Sorrell and Miss Augusta Thomson, have endeavored to follow the example of Baurans by making the translation as literal as possible, and have, besides, done little more than turn the recitatives into English dialogue. Even the part of Scapin, which is that of a mute, they have not altered, but allowed it to remain as it was originally acted in Italy a hundred and thirty years ago.

Miss Augusta Thomson having taken her leave did not necessitate the withdrawal of the two new *operas di camera*, *Widow Bewitched* and *Ching-Chow-Hi*. Miss Robertine Henderson—perhaps the greatest favorite who has yet appeared at the Gallery of Illustration—was re-engaged to play Marie in the former, and Madame D'Este Finlayson to play Pet-Ping-Sing in the latter. Miss Robertine Henderson was eminently successful in her new character, charming her hearers no less by the irresistibly pleasing quality of her voice and her excellent method, than by the spirit, freedom and *naïveté* of her acting. Moreover, she danced the minuet in the duet with De Fremont with the utmost possible natural ease and grace. The very pretty song, "Chloe sat beside the river," given by Miss Henderson with most sweet voice and the nicest delicacy of expression, was encored unanimously. On the whole Miss Henderson may be congratulated on the new access of favor which has fallen to her in her new part, and, we may add, the decided improvement she has displayed both as singer and actress.

Madame D'Este Finlayson made no indifferent substitute for Miss Augusta Thomson in the Chinese opera, and proved herself an experienced comedian no less than a good vocal artist. Madame Finlayson's acting indeed was instinct with humor and animation.

MR. W. HARRISON, director of English opera at the Lyceum, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's Theatre, who made such a long and gallant struggle with Miss Louisa Pyne to found a national theatre for native musical talent, is slowly recovering from a recent severe attack of brain fever.—*Queen*.

LLANDUDNO.—Mr. Deacon, a few days since, gave a recital of piano-forte music at the Bath Assembly Rooms. The programme was an interesting one, being chronologically divided into periods, and comprising choice selections from the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, &c. Mr. Deacon displayed throughout his performance that masterly touch, brilliancy of execution, and purity of style, for which he is so highly distinguished, and which perfectly charmed his audience, who testified their delight by frequent applause. The instrument on which he played was one of Broadwood's finest grand pianofortes, and the recital was altogether a pleasure which will not be easily forgotten by those present.—*North Wales Chronicle*.

## THE OPERA AT MANCHESTER.

Sir.—Mozart's *Don Juan* was performed at the Theatre-Royal, Manchester, on Thursday, September 14th, by a most excellent array of talent, chiefly from Her Majesty's Theatre. In fact, it is the most complete opera company I have yet witnessed in these districts. The cast was indeed splendid, including Signors Bossi, Foli, Mario and Santley, Mdlles. Sarolta, Simico and Tietjens as Leporello, Il Commendatore, Don Ottavio, Don Juan, Zerlina, Donna Elvira and Donna Anna respectively. The band consisted of thirty instrumentalists, besides a small, yet efficient chorus. It was a judicious arrangement on the part of the director in engaging so efficient an orchestra, with Signor Arditto to wield the baton. The band was indeed worthy to be associated with this illustrious company of artists; the strings were excellent; the brass instruments extra good; and the whole orchestra was superfine compared to previous opera-bands at this theatre. Mr. Santley is in an eminent degree superior to all the Don Juan's of the present day; he may fail to please the fastidious in all his bearings, but, without a shadow of doubt, he is unapproachable in this peculiar character. Of the Leporello, as personated by Signor Bossi, I need not speak. Signor Foli is grand as the marble statue. When the statue entered the banqueting-room, he did so with so peculiar and striking a manner that he at once impressed the mind with the awful solemnity of the scene; whilst the terror of Leporello and the undaunted courage of Don Juan create a most impressive picture. This part, and indeed the whole of the banqueting scene, was never rendered with finer effect. The statue music was declaimed by Signor Foli with sepulchral tones, which made an indelible impression on most present. Mdlle. Tietjens is the queen of Donna Annas; how natural are the feelings she illustrates when she discovers the dead body of the Commendatore; and here she was ably seconded by the great lyric artist, Signor Mario, as Don Ottavio, who rendered good service in the concerted movements, especially in the masked trio with Donna Anna and Elvira. Here the three lyric singers sang with such pure taste and exquisite feeling that the effect produced was truly sublime. Mdlle. Simico's Elvira was excellent. A better performance of Mozart's great masterpiece was never given by a provincial opera company.

Friday, Sept. 15th was the last performance, which was for the benefit of the prima donna, Mdlle. Tietjens, and consisted of a selection from three operas: the first act of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the second act of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the last act of Cherubini's *Medea*. The character of Fidelio, as personated by Mdlle. Tietjens, is an event that stamps itself indelibly upon the mind, and where it afterwards rises up in our imaginations with endearing charms. What a depth of pure affection seems to dwell in her heart for Don Florestan; her masculine garb cannot conceal the heart of the devoted wife, every feature, every motion of her body, speaks to the mind in stronger accents than human language can utter; see the expressions of hope that rests upon her countenance as she faithfully obeys the gaoler of the prison in which her loving husband is concealed; see the languid expression that beams from her countenance as she listens to Marcelina's apostrophe of love, who supposes Leonora to be the handsome youth she assumes; see her earnest love express its devotion as she solicits the gaoler to let the prisoners enjoy the pure air; see how she gazes in each prisoner's face as they assemble in the courtyard, how eager she is to recognise the features of her beloved husband; what bitter remorse settles on her visage when she returns from the cells with her hopes disappointed; see how fervently she prays, what sweet consolation seems to inspire her heart, her face beams again with hope, while she resolves to overcome all obstacles that separate her from her fond husband; mark her emotions how they quiver as she gazes upon the tyrannical monster, Don Pizarro; why she seems to read his dark thought as he resolves to carry his villainous revenge into effect upon the innocent Don Florestan. Never was Beethoven's heroine illustrated with a more powerful and thrilling pathos; Mdlle. Tietjens appears to embody Beethoven's music in her emotions, as though her soul dissolved itself in harmony. She was ably supported by Mdlle. Simico, Messrs. Stagno, Bossi, and Santley. In the second act of Verdi's *Un Ballo*, Madame Lablache and Signor Mario appeared to great advantage, the former in showing the powers of her rich full mezzo soprano voice, and the latter in reviving the echoes of his once glorious voice, which roused the audience with enthusiastic applause.

The last act of Cherubini's *Medea* was given with Mdlle. Tietjens as the terrible Medea; the tender affection of the mother towards her offspring, and the heartburning revenge that germinates within her bosom by the cruel wrongs inflicted upon her by her husband Jason, are indeed two passions which have no kindred ties, and they cannot exist together long in the human heart, therefore the struggle which Medea passes through is terrific and heartrending to witness; alas! the feeling of cruel revenge triumphs over her motherly love, and she and her children fall a sacrifice to its Satanic power. The language of human

emotions which Cherubini's music illustrates is eminently pathetic and thrills the heart with its intense feelings. Mdlle. Tietjens rises to the sublimity of the situation, and her grand declamation of this dramatic music strikes the mind with bewildered astonishment.

Sept. 18.

BOOTH BIRCH OF EGEDY.

Messrs. ADDISON AND LUCAS, the well known music publishers, having dissolved partnership, have just sold their copyrights at the rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester Square. The sale seems to have been attended with extraordinary success, as the following quotations will show—some of them suggesting curious comparisons. Amongst the pianoforte works were many pieces of Dr. W. S. Bennett, which ranged between 10*l.* and 50*l.* (Cock). Calcott's Pianoforte Half Hours made prices from 10*l.* to 105*l.*, the latter being the sum obtained for the "Mendelssohn" Half Hours (Hutchings). Benedict's edition of Beethoven, 69*l.* (Cock). Amongst the songs were Barker's "Dublin Bay," 57*l.* (Blockley)—Barnett's "Little Fay," 49*l.* 10*s.* (J. Williams)—Dr. W. S. Bennett's Six Songs, 32*l.* (Cock).—Berger's "Broken Vows," 21*l.* (Lucas)—Calcott's "Last Man," 89*l.* (Cock)—Glover's "Bashful Man," 104*l.* (Brewer)—Hatton's "Kit the Cobbler," 39*l.* (B. Williams)—Hatton's "Tom the Tinker," 36*l.* (B. Williams)—Hobbs' "Phillis," 89*l.* (Cock)—Land's "When sorrow sleepeth," 152*l.* (Ditto)—Linley's "I cannot mind my wheel," 22*l.* (J. Williams)—Linley's "Thou art gone from my gaze," 94*l.* (Campbell)—Loder's "Path by the river," 57*l.* (Cock)—Nelson's "Madeline," 118*l.* (Ditto)—H. Smart's "Singing through the rain," 113*l.* (J. Williams)—Spore's "Wishing gate," 56*l.* (Ditto)—Wrighton's "Sing me an English song," 82*l.* (Cock)—F. Abt's Ten Duets, 110*l.* (Olivphant). The concerted music comprised in Calcott's Glees, 25*l.* (Cock)—Hatton's Four-Part Songs, 446*l.* (Ditto)—Reay's Four-Part Songs, 149*l.* (Ditto)—H. Smart's Four Part Songs, 91*l.* (Ditto)—Thomas' Welsh Melodies, 27*l.* (Ditto)—Pratt's Anthems, sold for 88*l.* (Novello). Amongst the operas were Balfe's *Blanche de Nevers*, 65*l.*, *Puritan's Daughter*, 159*l.*, *Armourer of Nantes*, 124*l.*, *Letty*, 39*l.*, all purchased by Messrs. Cock and Co. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 157*l.* (Cock)—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, the words, of course, only copyright, 104*l.* 17*s.* (Ditto)—Wallace's *Love's Triumph*, 230*l.* (Ditto). Mr. Costa's oratorios, *Eli*, produced 412*l.*, and *Naaman*, 567*l.*, both purchased by Messrs. Cock. Total, 13,389*l.*

OXFORD.—During the week the Brothers Webb have sustained several characters new to an Oxford audience, and fully demonstrated that it is not alone as the two Dromios that they are seen to advantage. On Monday and Tuesday they appeared in Mr. Craven's drama *A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*. On Wednesday *The Courier of Lyons* was produced, with the Brothers Webb as Dubose and Joseph Lesurques. Mr. Williams made his first appearance in Oxford as Jerome Lesurques, and appeared to do full justice to it. On Thursday, Miss Hudspeth took her benefit, when Tobin's comedy, *The Honeymoon*, was given, Mr. E. Phelps sustaining the part of Duke Aranza, Mr. Arnott, Count Montalban, and Mr. C. Cooper, Rolando, in which he made every point tell. Mr. Marshall was Balthazar, and the Mock Duke of Mr. Maskell told immensely. Miss Haydon's Juliania was a graceful conception, and Miss Hudspeth's Volante was as charming as ever. We are glad to see that the spirited manageress, Mrs. Hooper, has secured the services of an old Oxford favourite, Mr. Fred. Robinson. On Wednesday, those versatile and talented performers, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper take their benefit, when we sincerely hope the public will not be unmindful of how much they have contributed to their enjoyment.—*Oxford Journal*.

M. C. KENROY.—"The season of the English Opera at Covent Garden," writes the *France Musicale*, "will be inaugurated on the 22nd of October by the *Africaine*, translated into English by M. C. Kenroy."

ROCHESTER.—The Theatre Royal will be opened on Friday next by Mr. C. A. Clarke, who for several seasons has conducted the entertainments with considerable success. The position of leading lady is occupied by Mrs. C. A. Clarke, who is favorably known here as an able exponent of the higher branches of tragedy and genteel comedy, for which her fine personal appearance, lady-like manner, and intensity of style, are eminently suited. The company also includes the names of the following performers:—Mr. C. A. Clarke, Messrs. H. Windley, A. Clifton, F. Perry, Bolton, F. Cooke, Nicholson, Osborn, Fitzgerald, Burton, Mrs. A. Clifton, Mesdames H. Windley, Durand and F. Clare.

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